

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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Honorary or Work Group?

What exactly is an honorary? Is it an honor for those persons who have given outstanding service to the University, to those who have worked hard on activities and maintained a respectable GPA at the same time?

Or is an honorary on this campus simply an organization to get more work out of people who are already too busy?

We have examples of both on campus. The first we think is the proper function of an honorary. Those who have worked hard—and are still working hard should be given special recognition.

But we don't think these people should be given magazines to sell or ushering to do or any one of the hundred odd jobs that the honoraries on this campus do to earn money. These people are busy in their activities and classes—or they shouldn't be in the honorary in the first place. And yet almost every honorary—and every other organization on campus for that matter—spends most of its time trying to figure out a way to earn money.

Some use the money for scholarships. This is fine, and we'd hate to see the scholarships end. Some use the money to send representatives to national conventions, and we suppose this also has value. Some worry about getting money to buy an Oregon page or have a party, and we certainly don't disapprove of the Oregon or parties.

And then there are the honoraries who earn money—and never see it themselves. A current example is Homecoming button sales. Members of Kwama and Phi Theta, most of whom are already busy working on some phase of Homecoming, have to sell buttons downtown.

These girls just don't have time to pound the streets of Eugene selling 25 cent Homecoming buttons. We realize the Homecoming committee needed someone to sell their buttons, but we wonder at the advisability of giving the job to people too busy to do a thorough job.

Frankly, we don't know the solution to the honoraries' money making problems. But we fail to see the merits in piling more activities or work on top of already busy people. A person can do just so much—too often it's studying or sleep that goes before the activities.

Theoretically that would be the solution—when you get too much, drop a few activities. But then you can't get into more honoraries. It's a vicious circle.

There are just too many honoraries on campus that aren't honorary—they're work groups. Every school and department has its own honoraries. If you get involved in some of those as well as an all campus honorary or two, you spend a great deal of time trying to keep organizations out of debt.

Honoraries, we think, should be honorary.—(J.W.)

We Jumped the Gun

There were a few red faces at the Emerald Shack Wednesday afternoon. The cause of embarrassment was the banner headline in the Wednesday morning paper which read "Cordon, Patterson Win."

At Emerald press time Wednesday (9:30 a.m.) the incumbent Republican had what appeared to be a comfortably safe lead of 13,000 votes over his Democratic challenger, Richard Neuberger. Out of Oregon's 2449 precincts, only 524 had not yet reported.

Cordon had led in the election returns all through the night as an Emerald crew tabulated results until 4 a.m. Wednesday. The Republican's lead had also been building up throughout the night: 2000; 5000; 10,000; 12,000. It looked pretty safe for Cordon. And so the headline was written.

Cordon's lead was still growing as the Emerald went to press. And then, within an hour after the papers were off and distributed, the sudden reverse in election returns started. What the Emerald had failed to take into consideration was the fact that the unreported precincts were mainly located in Neuberger's stronghold, Multnomah county.

The Emerald is, perhaps, guilty of pulling a Chicago Tribune type blunder. The Trib, readers will remember, carried a large banner headline "Dewey Wins" in their early editions following the 1948 elections.

However, one thing should be made clear. The Emerald, which supported Neuberger in the campaign, cannot be accused of wishful thinking for jumping the gun on the Cordon headline.

The Missing Link



"OK, men, the next play is DX-83. Now, Bolivar, when you hear me yell 'four,' I'll give you the ball, then you try to get through the men wearing the yellow sweaters and then head for the posts painted purple and white."

- A DAY AT THE ZOO - Mother's Rule Guides Young Man at Dance

They were playing a waltz, or something. He didn't know how to spell waltz; but you don't have to know how to spell it to dance it, he kept telling himself. Possibly this is a fox-trot, though; if it's a waltz, he thought, I feel just like Dorothy Parker, only she was a woman so I guess I don't feel quite like that.

"— And that's the way it's been ever since I had my trouble," she was saying. That is my baby talking, that is this little amorphous mass of the opposite sex which my fond arms are enfolding. He didn't know what amorphous meant, but it didn't particularly matter when you were just thinking it to yourself.

"Your trouble?" he asked politely. He could remember rule number one from Mother's Handy Guide to a Young Gentleman's Department When Engaged in Gentle Courtship: always be polite, even if it kills you.

"I just told you about it," she said.

"Tell me about it again."

"You're such a good conversationalist," she said.

There was a sudden jolt as they bumped into the ballroom wall and ricocheted back out into the crowd. I must think what I'm doing, he thought, I mustn't let the maddening scent of whatever that nauseating perfume she's wearing is arouse the animal in me and blind me to this ridiculous circle we're making around the dance floor.

The music stopped. "Let's go out onto the balcony," she said.

Ha. She was trying to entice prying eyes. You have that sweet him out into the dark, away from smile, you — you red-blooded vamp, but you're not getting me out onto the balcony. Never can tell what might happen out there — you might grab my hand and hold it. And he didn't like holding her hand; he had to hold it while he was dancing, because that was the traditional manner in which one danced — but it was an extremely clammy hand. He thought maybe she'd squeezed a slug or night-crawler just before the dance.

"Let's stay inside and watch the entertainment," he suggested. She acquiesced and moved closer to him. The smell of the perfume nearly asphyxiated him — it was like putting your head right inside the bottle.

She screamed joyously during the tappings. Friars tapped and Druids tapped and Oregon Mothers tapped and some spontaneous group that had formed out on the balcony tapped, and she screamed three hundred times. The screaming was pretty bad, but he kept thinking that she might lose her voice, and that would be the first good thing that had happened all evening. If she'd lose her voice and I'd go blind, she wouldn't be a bad date. I could hold my breath so I wouldn't smell the perfume, and I could wear gloves so I wouldn't feel the slug or whatever she's wearing on her hand.

Then, just as he was thinking maybe he would take her out onto the balcony, and push her off, he remembered Mother's Rule Number Two: you're a real man, so knock 'em dead.

"I'd love to," he said.

"What?" she asked.

"Knock you dead. I'd love to overwhelm you, smother you, hold you in my arms and call you My Own, True, Blue-Label Babe, I'd Love—"

"Dance?" she asked. "They're playing—"

"—a waltz," he said. "Everything sounds like a waltz tonight. Hand me that slug again and watch out for falling plaster." And they struggled off into the mob, doing what he thought was a waltz and what she was quite sure was the Avalon.

But of course, it looked like the mambo. Romance is like that.

3 Pledge Classes To be Auctioned

The pledge classes of Alpha Chi Omega, Delta Gamma, and Kappa Kappa Gamma will be sold at the AWS Auction today in the fishbowl at 3:30 p.m.

Any men's living living organization may bid for the women. The highest bidder for each group may request the presence of the women during dinner at their house to serve the meal, entertain and perform any other duties such as washing cars and dogs or shining shoes.

Grad's Day Only One Week Away

With Homecoming only one week away, last minute preparations for the special weekend are being completed by the Homecoming committee and campus living organizations.

Paired living organizations should begin working on both noise parade floats and Homecoming signs, if they haven't already started, according to Dick Van Allen, noise parade chairman. The noise parade is scheduled for 6:30 p.m. Friday, Nov. 12. Judging of the signs will be held from 5:30 to 6:30 p.m. Friday.

Winners of the noise parade and the sign contest will receive trophies at the variety show Friday at 9 p.m. The Homecoming queen will be announced to the students at the Friday show.

Bonfire Follows Parade

A bonfire and rally will follow the noise parade Friday just preceding the variety show.

Tickets for the Homecoming dance will be available next week. Barbeque luncheon tickets are on sale at the Student Union main desk and the alumni office, SU M110. Price is \$1.25.

Buttons on Sale

Homecoming buttons will go on sale to students Monday at the SU and the Co-op. Price is 10 cents. Part of the 5000 buttons are being sold in downtown Eugene and Springfield this week for 25 cents.

Traditions will be observed next week beginning Monday. Violators names will be recorded by members of the Order of the 'O' and will be published in the Oregon Daily Emerald. These persons will be punished Friday by the Order of the 'O,' lettermen's club.

Novelist Here Monday

(Continued from page one)

England and Belgium with his parents.

He attended Choate school in Connecticut and went on to Harvard, graduating in 1916.

Dos Passos was in Spain studying architecture when World War I began and he enlisted in the Harjes volunteer ambulance service. He later transferred to the Red Cross and then to the US army medical corps.

After the war, Dos Passos traveled in Mexico and in the Near East as a roving journalist.

He participated in a picket-line before the Boston state house during one of the anarchist Sacco-Vanzetti demonstrations during the early 1920's, and was arrested. Dos Passos, however, is not a communist. He has said that he is an "old fashioned believer in liberty, equality and fraternity."

Won Award in 1940

He was awarded a Joan Simon Guggenheim memorial foundation fellowship for the second time in 1940 when he completed a series of essays on the American concept of freedom of thought.

Dos Passos served as a correspondent for Life magazine in 1945. His latest book, "Most Likely to Succeed," was published this fall.

Indian Weaving Exhibit Planned

The Oregon folk lore society will hold its regular monthly program at 2409 Lincoln street, Monday night at 7:30.

The program will include an exhibition of Mexican Indian weaving, with examples from various collections. Commentary on the material will be given by David Hatch, instructor in weaving.

A series of 12 programs have been planned by the group, and will be given throughout the school year. The programs will include lectures on mythology, early Oregon, indigenous Indian groups, demonstrations and discussions of various folk arts by local residents, slides, movies, and entertainment by local and nationally known folk singers.